

180 [THE SOUL OF MAN,] *NOSCE TEIPSUM*
! [^/p^'JJ

To these high powers, a Storehouse doth pertain;
^{The} Where they, all Arts and general
reasons lay!
intellectual Which in the Soul (even after
death!) remain,
^{emory} And no Lethean flood can wash away !

This is the Soul! and those, her virtues be !
Which, though they have their sundry
proper ends, And one exceeds another in
degree; Yet each on other mutually
depends.

Our Wit is given, Almighty GOD to know !
Our Will is given to love Him, being known!
But GOD could not be *known* to us below,
But by His works, which through the Sense
are shown.

And as the Wit doth reap the fruits of Sense ;
So doth the Quick'ning Power, the
Senses feed! Thus while they do their
sundry gifts dispense? The best, the
service of the least doth need!

Even so, the King, his magistrates do serve ;
Yet Commons feed both magistrate and
King!
The Commons' peace, the magistrates
preserve
By borrowed power, which from the Prince
doth spring,

The Quickening Power would *be*, and so
would rest! The Sense would not *be* only,
be *be well*! But Wit's ambition longeth to
be best! For it desires in endless bliss,
to dwell.

And these three Powers, three sorts of men
do make, For some, like plants, their
veins do only fill! And some, like beasts,
their senses' pleasure take! And some,
like angels, do contemplate still!

Therefore the fables turned some men to
flowers ! And others, did with brutish
forms invest! And did of others, make
celestial powers Like angels ! which
still travail, yet still rest!